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البصيرة THE INSIGHT

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*In the Name of Allâh,
the Most Gracious, the Most Merciful*

“Frowned and turned away. Because there came to him the blind man. And how can you know that he might become pure? Or he might receive admonition, and the admonition might profit him?” (80:1-4)

Publishers Note

This is a real-life incident which has been mentioned in the Noble Qur’ân. It happened during the life of Prophet Muhammad ﷺ when he was engaged in a discourse with some members of the Quraish tribe.

Ibn Umm Maktoom, a blind man gifted with spiritual insight, came to the Prophet with a query. Since the Prophet was busy at the time, he did not attend to the blind man. The latter walked away still groping for an answer.

It was on such an occasion that one of the *Sûrah* of the Noble Qur’ân (*Surat Abasa*, 80:1-10) was revealed in which Allâh the Almighty admonished the Prophet ﷺ for not paying attention to the blind man who was sincere to his faith.

“*Al-Baseer*”, or the one with true sight, illustrates the life of Ibn Umm Maktoom who had a rare insight which his wife could not detect. It was for this reason that she was

charmed by the show of wealth displayed by the Arabs of that time. Impressed by their riches, she would urge Ibn Umm Maktoom to go out and buy himself a new dress or some other trinkets for her own use. But he had no interest in the luxuries of this world, since his priorities were different.

This small book carries a message for all of us. It shows that we should not be carried away by the glitter of wealth and beauty. All this is a passing phase. Like the flashes of lightning which shine forth momentarily after which there is pitch darkness.

Darussalam is dedicated to bring you messages of Islam which are inspiring and positive in their impact. May Allâh guide us all.

Abdul Malik Mujahid

General Manager

Darussalam

The Insight

Would this life pass with no taste, no color, no light, no meaning? Is it darkness in the eyes and within the hearts?

Oh, what is this darkness that covers my life? What is this thick screen that blocks my vision?

They say that the sun rises everyday. I almost don't believe them. If the light spreads through the universe, then hearts will have been brightened by it and people would enjoy the warmth of love. If light covers the universe, then the clouds of darkness should have dissipated and the forces of transgression be destroyed.

Why then is there hatred and malice filling our souls? Why does malice and darkness extend to press on all the chests and throats. How does one kill his brother? How would a father bury his daughter alive? What are these wild wars among the Arab tribes that none can barely survive? Values are turned upside

down. To steal from the peaceful and to make raids upon them is considered a heroic act of bravery. To steal from the poor and take advantage of them is considered business. To kill girls is regarded as an honorable action. The treasures of the wealthy are full and spent on vain desires and drinking. The funds due to the poor are redirected and transferred to the pockets of those Jews who filled the land of the Arabs with their clubs and bars.

Ibn Umm Maktoom continues to think, question and talk to himself. Suddenly, he hears a noise. What is this noise?

His wife comes to him and says, "The sounds of horses and camels penetrate the quiet and fill the neighborhoods and roads of Makkah with life and energy, yet you are alone with these walls. It is the caravan from Syria, oh 'Amr. All of the people have went out to see what types of valuable merchandise it brought in." She started counting the many types the Quraish traders had brought back with them.

"They say they brought with them different kinds of silk from Jullaq, colorful fabrics, jewelry and bracelets from Busraa. They are displaying their wares in front of Dar-un-Nadwah. Stand up and go, for with them is what any eye might wish for?"

"The eye? But where is the eye that I can see with?"

"Pardon me dear, I didn't mean that. But go and buy yourself a new outfit to fix your appearance."

"It is myself that needs to be fixed, lady. I need a new body. Did they bring anything with them that might fix my body? Did they bring medicine that cures blindness? If they didn't, then I have no business with them."

"Go and clear your suppressed chest. Listen to their exciting talks about Syria and what treasures and beauty is there. Their talks at Dar-un-Nadwah are about the cold water they drank from rivers and running wells, about

“Here is the blind one coming, so be delighted. Now you will sell your merchandise.” Then they started laughing.

Another said, “He has what he can pay with. Talk with him about a price for his garden so that he may trade with it. Then we don’t have to bother with his coming and going in front of the gate of Dar-un-Nadwah.”

A third said, “I don’t see why we need this blind person?”

The blood boiled in the veins of Ibn Umm Maktoom. His face became very angry. He wished he could beat their heads with his guide-stick. He returned to his house sad, talking to himself on his way back, “Why are they making fun of me every time they see me? Is it because they can see with their eyes that they look down on me? Is it true what one of them said, that the animal is better than a blind person?”

“Does man create himself by his own hands? Can they see because they made themselves

that way and I poked my eyes out with my hands? Why is someone created beautiful and another ugly? Why does one become tall and the other short? Why are some strong and others weak? Why do some become wealthy and others remain poor?”

“Is it true that we were created for a vain purpose? If this is the case, then why would someone in my situation be created? If I were given the choice I would be the most handsome, active and wealthy man in Quraish. If I were given the choice I would be the strongest and mightiest. If I were given the choice, I would make every woman in Quraish wish to have me as her husband.”

“If I were given the choice, I would travel like they do, raid like they do, and trade as they do. But there is something missing.”

“If we are going to die, then why do we have all of these idols filling our lives? Why do we offer sacrifices to them, circle around them and seek fortune from them?” Then he laughed, in

should not be present.” Another said, “What do you think, what you are doing?! We have nothing for you to join our gathering nor to consult you about, go away you blind man. Go out! This is a place people like you cannot attend.”

Allah’s Messenger ﷺ was quiet. He turned his face because he felt that the leaders of the Quraish were listening to him before this man had come.

Ibn Umm Maktoom felt that this was not the right time, so he left with tears in his eyes. Broken-hearted and crying bitterly, he said, “Woe to me. What happened? I waited so long for a light, then when I find it, I miss the way and lose it. Did I make him angry? Or does he think of me like the chiefs of the Quraish... that I am nothing but a blind person who cannot give an opinion and others should make decisions for him.”

His chest was burning and while blaming himself he thought, “My tree grows leaves in

the desert of life then I cut it with my hand? Do my eyes see the light and I put it out with my fingers? Woe to me. I will have more pain, my night will become longer and my grief will increase.”

He returned to his home confused and sorry for his misfortune. His eyes were dry from the crying. He thought that he was impolite.

“The one in whose hands is the cure has come, but I didn’t have the proper manners. The one my heart was waiting for has come, but my action kept him away from me. What a disaster! I have torn my heart out with my hands.”

His wife felt bad for him and tried to soothe. “Take it easy. The relief may be near.”

An agonising period of time passed by. The four walls of his house felt as if they were collapsing on his chest. He felt as if his ribs were collapsing in on one another. Suddenly there were strong knocks on his door. “Who comes to us at this time?”